

THE HOUSE OF MOHUN

By GEORGE GIBBS

Author of "Youth Tragedy" and Other Successful Stories

Are Flappers and Their Painted Faces? Are Jazz-Dance All Lovers of Satan?



"You seemed so anxious to be amused, I hated to disappoint you."

"You're a pinhead, Harold!" said Cherry, swinging off under her very nose with Dicky Wilberforce. But in a moment she came back and held in her arms toward John Chickester, offering this favor as a sop to her mother's ambitions. The irascible Harold played furiously for a while and then with an air of much exhaustion fell backward from the piano stool to the floor amid much handclapping. Eugene took his place, then Cherry here, until at last, red of face and breathing heavily, the dancers fell rather than sank into chairs—all except Gloria Twome, who remained in the center of the floor, giving an imitation of a "jazz" artist she'd seen in a cabaret somewhere.

"Oh, say, that's a whis," gasped the breathless Harold. And then amid laughter, "where'd you get that stuff, Gloria? In school?" Gloria stopped, glanced reprovingly at the speaker and then with a frown sank into the nearest armchair. "Lizard! You're a pinhead, Harold," she sniffed. "All my brains are in my fingers. I'm a 'jazz' though, aren't I, adored one? You know you can't make your feet behave—"

"Oh, run away and play, little boy. I'm tired." "That's just the way with you debutantes," he said. "Hang around a fellow's neck in the holidays or at the 'proms' at college and then, when you come out, you get all stiff and starchy."

"Oh, say, Harold, if you're going to cry just go out on the porch, will you?" laughed Teddy Waring. "But this woman has broken my heart! I'll break your head if you don't shut up."

"Oh, all right—all right, I'm just a worm until you want me to play the piano. Well, I'm through." With much dignity he sank into the seat beside Cherry. "Cherry, you'll be nice to me, won't you?" "Don't, Cherry," put in Phoebe. "He's already spoiled within an inch of his life just because he's a piano player. You might think just because he could play 'jazz' that he was the Prince of Wales."

"Et tu, Brute? Oh, all right, I guess I'll roll the bones." And taking a set of dice from his pocket he began a game of solitaire in the corner. The temporary lull provided an opportunity for the renewal of brother Bob's quarrel with Cherry.

"Bottin' shame, I say, the way you do my things. I don't care who says, I didn't mind your swiping my cravats or even my riding breeches, but you might at least have done me for Centipede."

"I didn't know where you were, Bob. Please don't say anything more about it."

"I will. It's an outrage. A man doesn't know what belongs to him in his house. If Centipede's story is true, you'll have to give me Bramble."

"Oh, all right, Bob." And then, with a cutting sarcasm, "But you ought to be glad to know there's somebody who can put Centipede over the jumps in front of Bramble."

"Oh, is that so? Think you'd smart, don't you? Anybody can win on a run—"

which to sit in the morning room and browse over his manuscript or meditate upon his folly. Even if this girl Cherry Mohun had challenged his physical courage, what possible difference should it have made? Physical courage was, after all, merely a trait of character more often than not given to persons of a very low order of intelligence—the acrobatic performer, the prize fighter, the fireman, the policeman or even the burglar. It was frequently held in high esteem and was doubtless commendable in the service of one's country, the preservation of order or in the saving of life or limb, but when none of these objects was in view, as in the instance which had resulted so disastrously for himself, he could only feel that he had done a very stupid and unnecessary thing at the whim of a silly girl to whom and to whose friends he was now affording considerable amusement. He wasn't particularly angry at Cherry Mohun—only impatient at the flaw in his will which had made him sensitive, for the moment, to her ridicule. It was this which kept him silent as to the actual details of the experience.

But on the third day of his confine-

ment to the house he received a note from Miss Cherry Mohun, written in an angular scrawl, offering consolation and sending him some roses. This note caused him to grin broadly, but he hesitated to read it, for he had already been very badly expressed—unless perhaps because she had thought it necessary to write to him at all. But the roses were really very lovely, filling the room with fragrance all the afternoon. And the next day he was about and approaching him directly.

"Hello!" she said cheerfully as he rose to greet her. "Don't get up. How's your arm?"

"All right. Thank you very much for the flowers. I tried to get you on the phone but you weren't in. I can't write, you know," he explained, moving a futile elbow.

"I'm so sorry. Indeed I am." "Won't you sit down?" he asked awkwardly. "Mrs. Lycett had gone to town, but—"

"Oh, that's fine. Then we can have a chat without being disturbed." Sangreer smiled at her downrightness, rather flattered just the same.

"I trust the effects from the experience, forced no ill-effects from the experience," he ventured.

"No, she didn't," said Cherry, "but as a matter of fact I had the devil's own time squaring the thing with Bob."

She's Bob's—my brother's! you know. He was mad as a horse." "Oh, was he? I'm sorry." "Oh, I'm not, Bob is terribly spoiled. It moved him right. He's always having his own way in everything. Why shouldn't he lose control, I'd like to know!" "Does he know the right way any?" "No," said Cherry, regarding him curiously. "And then bursting into a laugh, 'Oh, say—but you were going to—'"

"I seem to have that impression myself," he replied dryly. She twisted toward him suddenly, her face eager.

"Why—oh, why, did you listen to me? It was rotten of me to urge you. I ought to have known that you were hurt. I oughtn't to have let you get on again when you were thrown. I've been worrying about it. Why did you do it, Dr. Sangreer?"

Sangreer sat looking past her, but it was not until she repeated the question that he answered her.

"You seemed so anxious to be amused, I hated to disappoint you," he said with a grin. "Especially as I felt myself under—ah—some what definite obligations to your father."

"Oh—Dad!" she muttered with a frown. "Of course. But that needn't have made you take up a fool proposition like that, especially as you didn't know how to ride."

"But now that I come to think of it I must have ridden rather well." She glanced at him soberly and then burst into laughter again.

"To Be Continued Tomorrow"

KEMAL AND THE SIGNAL!

"At this moment, if Kemal likes, he can give the signal to raise the whole Mohammedan World against us."—Townshend

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